

*"my stretch in
the Service"*

ALEXANDER J. MOZZER

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the Service"



SECOND EDITION

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THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?



On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!



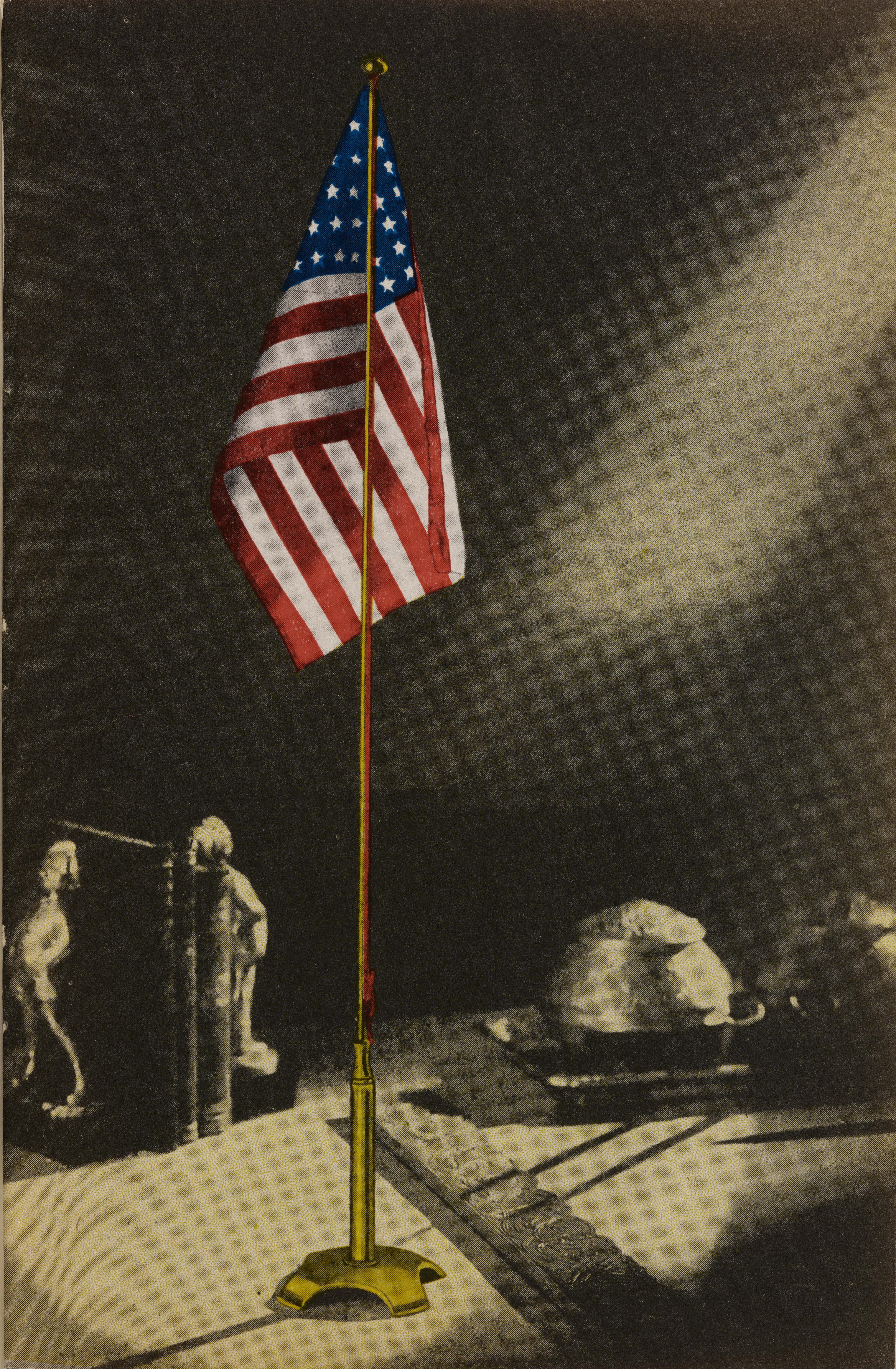
And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!



Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

“I pledge allegiance to the Flag
of the United States of America
and to the Republic for which it
stands, one nation indivisible,
with liberty and justice for all.”





P A S T E

P H O T O

H E R E

Alexander. John. MozzER

NAME

0465628

SERIAL NUMBER

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Manchester, Conn.

Last org.: Co.C. 121 Medical Bn. Americal Div

ORGANIZATION

10 on detached service from 1st Field Hosp.

9 44th Gen. Hosp. Finchafin, New Guinea.

8 18th Station" Milne Bay, " "

7 Base Section #2 Dispensary, Townsville, Queensland.

6 Sub Disp. D. " " " Australia

5 12th Station Hosp. Townsville, Australia

4 13th " " "

3 Base Surgeon Office on D.S. Garbutt Field and

2 18th Mobile Unit, Tatters Creek, Aust.

1 18th Station Chatter's Tower, Aust.

Memories are strange things. We have so
many of them. Many good—some bad—
We retain them all—Yet so few come
back to us unless we are reminded by a
written word, a friend or a landmark
—So many fine memories are stored
away each day that can be recalled in
later years by a simple word or two—



Commissioned 1st. Lieut. 29 April, 1942
Reported for duty - Camp Edwards, Mass. -
14 May, 1942

San Francisco, Calif. - Arrived 12 or 18 May, 1942
Left San Fran. Calif. on "SS Uruguay" 26 May, 1942
Arrived Auckland, New Zealand - 12 June, 1942
" Brisbane, Australia - 17 June, 1942
Left. " " - 21 June, 1942
Arrived Townsville, Queensland, Aust. June, 1942
" Charters Towers - 18th Sta. Hosp. -
" 23 June, 1942.

" Torrens Creek - detached service -
2 Aug. 1942

" Townsville, Q'Land, Aust - 27 Sept. 1942
Surgeon's Office
1. Temporary duty - Garbutt Field
Dispensary - 5th Bomber Command.
2. 435th Bomb. Sq. Townsville.

Arrived - 13th Sta. - Woodstock Q'Land Branch
~~19th Sta.~~ 19 Nov. 1942

Arrived - 12th Sta. Townsville, Q'Land, Aust.
29 Dec. 1942.

Arrived Kangaroo Ammunition Special
anti-aircraft Unit - 18 May 1943. - Same
1. Transferred to Kangaroo Disp. TD ^{area} " "
From 12th Sta. Hosp. " "
2. " TO Base Sect. #2, Sub Disp " "
3. " to Base Disp. #2 Townsville,
Feb. 1944
" New Guinea.

Arrived Milne Bay, New Guinea -
18th Sta. Hosp. 4 May, 1944

(over)

Arrived Finchafch, New Guinea, 4th gen. Hosp
(126th Sta. absorbed by 4th gen.)

Left New Guinea, Feb. 11, 1945

stopped at Hollandia, New Guinea
and Biak, Dutch East Indies en
route.

Arrived 1st Field Hosp. Leyte, P.I. -
19 Feb. 1945

Placed on detached service with
121st Medical BN. Americal Division
Feb. or March 1945

26 March, 1945 - Invasion of Cebu, P.I.

Wounded, at Cebu, P.I. 28 March, 1945

Transferred as patient to 105 Sta. Hosp.
Leyte P.I.

" " " to 44th Gen. Hosp.

Evacuated to U.S.A.

11 May, 1945.

Arrived Letterman Gen. Hospital
San Francisco, Calif. 30 May, 1945

Left by Hosp. train 4 June, 1945

Arrived Halloran Gen. Hosp. N.Y. 9 June, 1945

Retired to inactive status 28 Sept. 1945

Terminal leave ended 19 Dec. 1, 1945

Halloran Gen. Hosp. Feb.-March 1947

From Buzzards Bay, to Torrens Creek - 1942

Took physical examination at Bradley Field, Conn. Commissioned 1st Lt. 29 April, 1942. Unfortunately for me I was assigned to a unit that already had moved out to go overseas. When I arrived at Camp Edwards, Mass. on 14th of May, 1942 I was given orders to Port of Embarkation, San Francisco, Calif. After a brief stop-over at home I took a train the next day to San Francisco, Calif. I left from Springfield, Mass. and changed at Chicago, Illinois. I met Chaplain Lyons, who was assigned to same unit. I roomed next to him and Chaplain MacKenzie at Army Hostess House, Fort Mason, San Francisco, Calif. After several days I embarked

SS U Requoy

on Army transport. the trip to New Zealand took 17 days and was extremely unpleasant because of crowding, blackouts, closed up port holes, and lack of air. Also danger of attack. I received many inoculations at Fort Mason and on ship's board which made me ill. Too many inoculations given in too short space of time. No sea sickness. I was glad to arrive at Auckland, New Zealand 12 June, 1942. The two Chaplains and I changed ships. No one to help us so we moved our own baggage from ship to ship. Conditions on this ship were a little better because it was not so crowded, but it proceeded to Australia unescorted except for one ~~alone~~ old-fashioned bi-plane, which left us after a day or two. In five days more

we arrived at Brisbane, Australia
(17 June, 1942) we were barracked
in an old horse stable at
Doomben Race Track. The chow
was terrible. Became ill because
I did not know how to sterilize
mess kit properly. I had no previous
army experience. I developed
a gastro-enteritis and diarrhea
Traveled with ~~Col.~~^{Father} Lyons,
Lieut Fitzgerald (Boston) Lieut Hempill
by sleeper & train, old-fashioned
type to Townsville, Queensland
at northern part of Australia.
We took shuttle train to
Charters Towers, Queensland
Australia. We arrived at 18th Station
Hospital, under Col. Fineberg.
Lieut Hempill went on to join
the 17th Station Hospital at
Glen Innes, Queensland. The
country in Queensland is dry, dusty

hot, with very little water except for two months when floods occur during rainy season. In Charters Tamers we camped in a field. Conditions were bad in the line of quarters, food, washing facilities, etc. we staged for 4-6 weeks and did no work after traveling 11,000 miles to get here. the Hospital began to operate 6 weeks after my arrival.

In this unit there was a great deal of friction because of the mixture of gentle and Jewish officers after the hospital ^{Captain Chen (C H E W)} did finally begin to operate ~~present~~ Fitzgerald and I were selected to form a small hospital unit at Torrens Creek, about 200 miles further into the Bush Country. Capt. Chen, who requested the job, was an C.O. Conditions at Torrens Creek were difficult because of the terrain and lack of experienced personnel. all of whom had to be trained. ~~as~~ the

country was dry, dusty and plagued by flies. Our 25 bed hospital was constantly filled with dysentery and fever cases. Our little hospital had the minimum of supplies and equipment. We had only 3 lanterns for light. We lived rather primitively as we were in quite wild and isolated country. Our reason for being here was to serve as a hospital unit for the air droppings being built here. After 6 weeks of Torrens Creek I developed a diarrhea myself and was transferred near the sea coast. I was assigned to the Surgeons Office, Base Section #2 Townsville, Australia. The Surgeons office sent me to run a dispensary at Garbutt air port.

Harborth Airport and Vicinity - 1942a
Townsville, Northern Australia

Here I ran a dispensary servicing units too small to have their own medical officer. It also took care of transient officers and men who stopped off at the field. I was new to the Army but luckily for me I had 6 good men on detached service from a medical regiment. The corporal knew the "paper work" required and helped me immensely. I never was to get such good men later.

One source of trouble was the Transient mess which was always in poor condition. The sergeant in charge always had the excuse that his mess had had a large transient group.

A short time later the dispensary was taken over by

the Headquarters Squadron, 5th
Bomber Command, and enlisted men
of this organization came over to
work in the dispensary. I was still
on detached service from Surgeon's
office. I had a chance for
rapid promotion but I did not
~~know~~ ~~want~~ it, thinking I would
eventually get back to Hospital
work. Medical officers in air corps
units usually were promoted
faster and often were sent back
to U.S.A. to take Flight Surgeon's
course. I was asked if I
wanted to become a member of
the HQ-Sq. Inasmuch as I did
not know the advantages of
being a member of air force units¹⁰ I
declined. A short time later the
HQ-Sq. received its own medical
officer and I was put on temporary

duty with the now famous
435th Bomb Squadron. The Flight
surgeon of this squadron was on
duty in New Guinea with a small
group of the Squadron. He was not
popular with the unit because
of his ways. I was not experienced
as a Flight surgeon and not
equipped for this type of work. Most
SENT cases I referred to 12th Sta. Hosp.
The dentist had a "private" vehicle
for social calls but even tho. I was
supposed to check up on condition of
men at the Hospital I had no
vehicle except an occasional truck
I could borrow from motor pool.
Every morning the C.O. of the
Squadron held a briefing. I also
was expected to give a medical
report on the Health of the command.
Being new to the Army, especially
to Air Squadrons, the task for
me was not an easy one. I
went on several B-17 training

flights. Major Lewis was C.O.
I had him as a patient. This
Squadron had moved out of
Philippines and was quite
battle worn. Many pilots and
men had operational or combat
fatigue. They "burned" the candle
at both ends. Instead of resting they
went out to have a good time.

Food at 435th was bad I had
in Army up to that time. We even
had milk on the table. I had
to answer all types of questions
almost continually. The outfit
received orders to return to U.S.A.
The Flight Surgeon returned and
the idea was for me to stay on next
few weeks, do all the work, while
he took off on un-official leave
to the flesh-pots of Sydney,
Australia. I told C.O. my orders
were to return to Surgeon's office

as soon as Flight Surgeon returned. I then spent the next two weeks in a pleasant botanical garden, a pool for unassigned officers.

The next two weeks I spent in a tent at the old botanical gardens in Townsville, Australia. There was a camp there for unassigned troops. I spent the time going to the beach which was not too far distant. I also took a trip to Magnetic Island in the Bay. Magnetic Island was large enough to have mountains and a village. It is a sort of a vacation resort altho. There is nothing much there except a bathing beach.

The 13th Station Hospital had moved into Townsville area. I knew Capt. Bill

of the 13th. I sat in the boat going up. I was on the 13th Station was short of medical officers I thought I would try to get in rather than take a charge as an assignment. Capt. Gill saw the C.O. of the 13th Station who asked the Surgeon General of the Base for me. After 2 weeks I was assigned to the 13th Station.

The 13th Station also had a branch at Woodstock, about 35 miles inland from Townsville over rough roads. I was sent to work at the Convalescent Hospital at Woodstock. It was not bad there but very hot. The heat was a dry heat so I did not mind that.

Temperatures ran to 110° - 120° at times.

The Woodstock Hospital expanded from about 40 beds to about 400 beds in a short space of 3 weeks. The doctors worked 12 hours per ~~week~~ day at times.

There was a large air drone near by. The nurses had a small time because the Air Corps officers gave them a big rush. They had this sort of men rushed as we were a large creation. Quarters had to be built so that nurses would have a place to entertain the flyers. In the mean time the ambulatory patients getting in to mess line had to stand out in the rain.

About the end of Dec. 29, 1942 I was suddenly transferred to the 12th Station Hospital in Townsville.

at 12th Station Hospital - 1943

The 12th Station was one long street of houses. The U.S. Army had taken over a whole street for the Hospital. We lived under over-crowded conditions in one house. About 30 officers lived in a 6 room house. Of course we utilized the porch for cots.

I was put to work on the "psycho" ward under Captain F. Captain F. was very lazy and domineering. As soon as I came on duty he had me do all the work and spent most of the time in his quarters or out on a date with his red cross girl.

The only relief from working was occasional trips to Brisbane Australia escorting patients. One such trip was made by train. Such a trip by train usually took 6 days including a day or two stay in Brisbane. The

charge was welcome. Another trip, made by plane, did not turn out so well. I was in charge of 20 men & 5 other patients. We were awakened at 4 a.m. & were at the airport at 5 a.m. The pilots did not show up and by 11 a.m. the patients were quarreling amongst themselves. Several of the patients were psychotic and one was a prisoner for whom I had been obliged to sign for. We took off after 11 a.m. & shortly afterward the weather became bad. The pilots were jittery & became lost. Instead of going South we went Southwest. We made "forced landing". I put the patients up over-night in a County Hotel. Next day weather had cleared & we reached Brisbane S. t.

Back at the Hospital things were hectic. Besides the ward work there was much consultation work. The

consultation work should have been done by Dr. F., who was too busy to do it. There were neurological examinations to be done, in which I had very little experience. I was still new to the Army, and did a ~~lot~~ lot of things I did not have to do on order of Capt. F. Finally things improved for the better. The Chief of Medical Service was transferred to command a port hospital (Combat) unit. He got out of it by getting himself admitted to a hospital (as a patient). Major Dahlgren the new Chief improved things by making Dr. F. do a little more work. The work on the NP service was so tough I hinted several times I wanted a medical ward. Finally I was sent on detached service at Kangaroo Ammunition dump, about 40 miles from Townsville. This was in April, 1943.

Kangaroo Ammunition Depot - 1943-1944

I first ran a dispensary at Special Anti-aircraft detail. This unit was made of remnants of 208th Coast Artillery from New England area. I met several officers from Conn. & Hartford. My stay here was pleasant altho. there wasn't much medical work; mainly First aid. The food was good. After about 6 weeks I was transferred up the road about 2 miles, in same area, to run a dispensary for a colored outfit. Capt. H. ^{Hotchner}, the C.O. did not like medical officers and he was hard to get along with. He was garrulous and irritable. He had a habit of "telling everyone off" when inspecting Generals. His camp was always dirty. It was my duty to see that sanitation was improved but he wouldn't co-operate.

While at Anti-craft detail my
dispensary adopted a dog whom we
named "Lady". She was to have 2 or
3 litters of pups while I was to
know her. She was a source of trouble
at times as she was half wild.
After Capt. H's outfit left a new
outfit moved in. the C.O. was not
friendly to dogs ^{and} destroyed 20 out of
25. I gave "Lady" away for awhile
but she came back after it was all
over. The many dogs in Camp did
attract a lot of fleas.

There were several outfits
at Kangaroo while I was there:
two colored and one white.
The job here was to store
ammunition. The place was
expanded while I was there.
They even built me a wooden
Dispensary. I moved my quarters
from a tent into the dispensary.

The men I had working for me, two or three, at the most were never too good. Some were trouble makers. One was a pathological drunk. Once after almost wrecking the dispensary we had to court martial him. He got 6 mos. labor by the court but was let off after 3 mos.

While I was still at Kangaroo the dispensary was made a sub dispensary (Sub. Disp D") of the main dispensary in Townsville. About Aug. 1943 I received my promotion to Captain on basis of being Sub. dispensary D Commanding Officer.

I had had a leave to Sydney, going down by air plane. The leave was for 14 days. The first leave was while I was

working at 12th Station. It was quite a treat to get back to an area that was "civilized" and that had modern conveniences.

About Feb. of 1944 I was transferred to the Base Section #2 dispensary in Townsville

I had a pet possum whom I named "Blossom" & later killed by dog. I tried to get her a mate in to a possum's element. He would follow me home

Base Section #2 Dispensary - 1944

I now lived in a barracks and commuted about 2 miles to the Base Dispensary. Living in the Barracks was excellent, and we had a nice officer's club. The food was good also.

Work in the dispensary was rather monotonous. At times we also took trips out to boats in the Harbor. Some of the men we saw were merchant marine. Many calls were "gold bricks" One such person wanted me to say he was too ill for tropical service and had to go back to the States.

Dahgren
Major D. of New Hampshire
and I met for the third time.
He became C.O. at Woodstock,
at 12th Station, and finally at

Base Sect. # 2 also pensay. He had been a major for three years and missed being promoted. Even the base nurse chief who had been a Captain was now a Lt. Colonel.

Each time I met Major L. he seemed less pleasant. He seemed very good C. O. at Woodstock and 12th Station Hospital. At Base dispensary I think he let a regular Army warrant officer have his way too much. This individual kept the Base dispensary vehicle and it was impossible to get it late at night when we got a call to see a patient at dispensary. Once he was so drunk I couldn't awake him. I had to call the Base motor pool to get a vehicle.

To show how unfair the Army was the C. O. before Major Dahlgren had been promoted

to direct. Col. and he was a
senile old fool. He ran around
with women and did not follow
regulations in running the
Dispensary. Major D. who was a
much better C. O. never was
promoted here (He did become a
Lt. Col. later in another area)

Col. Mitchell ^{who} had been
Base surgeon was transferred.
After he left I began to have
tough luck.

I took 2 weeks' leave
to Sydney. This was the second
leave in about $2\frac{1}{2}$ years.
We were entitled to 30 days
leave per year. After
my return I learned I was
to go with a Signal Corps

desert
and fit through the ~~desert~~ to
Darwin. Living in the winds
for three years did not appeal
to me. Out of over 2 years over
seas I had only 3 mo. serving
in a Town. The rest was in Bush
Country. I felt some of the
other officers who had never been
out of Town should go. I think
the warrant officer, who was an
adjutant, had a lot to do with it.
The new Base surgeon was
firm when I asked for a better
assignment. However orders
came from Higher Head quarters
in Sydney transferring me to
18th Station Hospital, Milne
Bay, New Guinea. Left by
boat in April 1944. The trip
on Liberty ship took 5 or more days.

I forgot to mention that when
I left Kangaroo I had to
leave my dog "Lady" behind.
She later died.

Milne Bay, New Guinea - 1944

(one of the rainiest places in the World)

I did not care to go back to the 18th Station Hospital for two reasons. It was now a neuro-psychiatric hospital, and it was made up too much of one racial group.

I found the 18th Station situated in what I would call a swamp; anyway it was located in a very damp place, under a coconut grove, near ~~the~~ a mountain. There was not much shade as it was the rainy season. It rained continually here for several months.

The work in the 18th Station was not pleasant. Most cases were supposed to be psychoneurotics, but it appeared we had mostly misfits, psychopaths, trouble-makers, malingerers, etc of all sorts. Most of them were determined to get back to

U.S.A by hook or crook. Most of the cases were not real cases of combat fatigue. For the real cases we had sympathy. There was a thing called Occupational therapy. the men were set to doing various tasks ^{or games} which was calculated to improve their condition; however, most rebelled. There was continuous trouble when Word masters & nurses were failed to enforce or proceed with the scheduled ~~the~~ program. The nurses, although rated as officers, very often failed to give orders to enforce the discipline required. Occasionally there were ~~said~~ suicide attempts by the patients. Most of these were merely attempts to gain sympathy.

there was little actual opportunity for recreation except the bi-weekly movies. There were several actual suicides in the Base area because recreational opportunities were so poor and climatic conditions very bad and depressing. The diet was monotonous, mainly Australian rations. Australian rations were never as good as ours but were mainly "Bully beef."

I lived in a little tent with floor boards. At night rats ran about. We always slept under mosquito netting, as we also had in Northern Australia.

The personnel of the 19th Station had changed considerably since I was with the unit in 1942. All the nurses, except for one or two, had been changed. Many of the officers

were new. Some officers had had
psychiatric experience, others had
none. Some had applied for
NP work just to get out of combat
and field units.

About this time rotation
policy to U.S.A. was instituted.
Because most of the 18th
officers had arrived overseas
before I did they were ahead
of me on rotation.

the C.O. of the 18th was
Major J. (later Lt. Col.). He had
come overseas as N.P. physician
to that unit. He had been a
Captain at that time (1942). He
tried to be fair but we heard
rumors of the unpleasent
way he received his majority.
Some claimed he "killed his

friends" in the back in order to get the majority. The story went; his own friends side-tracked on affairs who was scheduled to be major.

During Sept. 1944 we moved to a more pleasant site near the Ocean (on the Bay). There was also cement floors in the wards. Here we lived in Thatched roof affairs which were cooler & more airy than tents. During this time of year more sunny weather occurred. I had opportunities to go swimming. I was in the water every off moment, and some remarked about the "jelly" I had after being overseas.

the best friends I had were Capt. Malinosh and his girl friend, (committed suicide when back in U.S.A.)

Lient Ruth Biers. As for myself, there was so much competition for the nurses I did not bother with them. I had about two dates in a year. The nurses were rushed by the Army, the Navy & Merchant Marine. It was too much trouble for a medical officer to go on a date.

There was no place to go except some officers clubs. Usually these clubs were very private because of the scarcity of everything in the jungle area. Secondly, medical officers had no motor vehicles, and it was hard to get one. Thirdly, no dates were allowed unless the escort

carried a gun. Also dates had to be with another couple. The guns were to protect the nurses from attacks. In such wild country many people become wild. Negro troops, at times, stopped vehicles, to take away the nurses. There were several cases of rape at gun point. In most instances the negroes were found guilty and hung. On a late, the escort was expected to protect the nurse with his life. I did not think the nurses were worth the trouble. One officer was court-martialed because the nurse he was with was attacked at gun point. The court did not feel he had protected her sufficiently.

I did go to a nurses dance with another officer, and it was the only social recreation I had in New Guinea. After two such trips I did not feel it was worth while the majority of married men went "heavy" on dates, and had steady girl friends among the nurses and red cross girls. The girls did not seem to mind that the men were married.

About this time units were moving on. The 18th Sta. in Name was absorbed by another Hospital and most of the officers were transferred to the 125th Station Hospital (NP). I was transferred to the 126th Sta. in Finchaven.

The 126th was absorbed by the 4th General Hospital located

near by. I went to Finchafur
by Hospital ship and it was a
pleasant trip.

At 4th General Hospital

Finckefen, N.G. - 1944-1945

This turned out to be one of best assignments although it did not last too long, a few months. For awhile again I worked on NP words. Later and worked on the dermatological service which I found interesting. I arrived in Finckefen about Sept. 1944. By this time the weather was sunny and I went swimming quite often. The 4th General was an affiliated unit from the Western Reserve Unit and attempts were doubtless made to keep the unit a

much as possible. When requests were made for officers usually one of the newer members of the organization were chosen no matter what the age. Some comparatively "old men" were transferred to field units while younger men were kept on at the 4th ^{General Hospital} just because they were originally part of the 4th General unit.

I went on a few hikes in the jungle mountains but too far & hot. as the heat was too exhausting. Besides swimming there were movies at frequent intervals.

One of my former aid men
at the Subdips of Kangaroo
Communication Depot was a
part of the 4th General
enlisted personnel. He was
rotated to U.S.A. while I
was still here.

The social situation was
as bad here for some
individuals as elsewhere.

The nurses & red cross
girls were out every
night. Some nurses were
too tired to work the next
day. One of my nurses
failed to show up repeatedly.
I finally called a supervisor

for a nurse and she was surprised to find out there was no nurse on duty. Later this nurse became very useful.

About this time I had to do 24 or more lumbar punctures and I needed the aid of a nurse. Most of our cases were Seborrheic dermatitis, erythematous dermatitis, pyoderma, tropical ulcers & fungus infections.

For a long time I began to suspect I would be transferred. After about three months I suddenly

received orders to travel to
Phillipine Island. High
priority too. Inasmuch as I
had to leave my belongings
behind I had to pack every
thing and take only a small
bag as I could travel by
train. My orders said to
carry firearms. After a great
deal of red tape I secured
a carbine and spent half of
the night cleaning it.

Received help from black
officer, who I later found out
was a well known baseball
player - see later page
Jackie Robinson

Across New Guinea to Biak - 1945

After leaving the 4th General
I went to a staging area to
wait for a plane. After a few
days we were roused at 4 a.m.
to go to the airport. In the
army it is always "hurry
up and wait". After getting
up at 4 a.m. we waited on the
hot blazing dusty airport until
noon when we were loaded
on a cargo plane. We landed
at Hollandia the same day.
Hollandia is in the Dutch
part of New Guinea. After a

few more days wait we
flew to Biak. Here I
remained 5 days. The other
officer traveling with me
with same orders as I
was Capt. Shushan. We
roomed in a tent. In a
short time we received
two other occupants, both
Colored officers. They were
quite friendly and they
cleaned our carbine rifles
for us.

During one rainy night
while at a post Marie

we received word we were
to leave on hospital ships
to the ~~Philippines~~^{Philippine}. We
got to the boat in a
terrible rain and there was
no one to show us the way.

We had to climb up the side
of a liberty ship and across to
get to the Hospital ship
moored to its side. We
were thoroughly soaked.
After all the work with the
carbine I had to turn it
in to M. P. because no one
is allowed to carry guns on
a Hospital ship. Capt. Schuler

and I were assigned to a
small stateroom, luxurious
quarters compared to most
Army ~~accommodation~~. The
~~chief~~ ship's medical crew
was rather ^{aloof} aloof, but we
had a pleasant voyage
to P. I. The food on ships
was always better than
rations on land. We
reached the Philippines
some time in - for March

1845

Staging Area in Leyte P.D. - 1945

After reading Leyte I spent two weeks in the Staging area in a very hot place.

We lived in tents located near, around and in part

of a ^{Philippines} village.

of a Philippines village. The

~~Chin~~ Philippines women collected laundry to wash, and it was a thriving business for them. The laundry always came back in neat little bundles. The Philippines women were modest of themselves, but not of other people. They walked

in about the tent area
and where men were
taking showers. Perhaps
they had no false modesty
but that did not stop
them from showering. Most
army installations in a
staging area were of a temporary
nature and consisted largely
of tent flaps, hardly waist
high.

Eating was an ordeal.
It was necessary to use
a mess gear, stand in a
Chow line, and later stand
in line to wash gear.

there were many released Prisoners of War in Camp waiting transportation back to U.S.A.

the Office at Staging area were under the impression the 1st Field Hospital was somewhere near Manila and were ready to send us there. We were located near Tacloban, Leyte, P.I. which was a bore. We scouted around and learned 1st Field was in same region. It might have been well for us to keep quiet and take the extra trip to Manila. Of

First Field Hospital - Leyte, P.I.

1945

This outfit turned out to be a clique. They welcomed us as replacements, but actually I had been overseas longer than most of the First Field Officers.

It was "dog eat dog" especially with an outfit like this. I knew it wouldn't be long before I would be transferred, perhaps to the infantry.

For awhile I was put to work on medical ward of a neighboring Hospital. The First Field was staging. It had been there some sort of a campaign or other and had the

opinion no one else had
been in the War but "it".

On the ward most of the
cases were Schistosomiasis.

Life as usual in the
Army was monotonous,
mixed with worry as to
what was to happen to
one next. There seemed
no chance of being rotated
to U.S.A. because there
was too much dirty
politics afoot.

The 125th Station Hospital
was an N.P. unit about
30 miles away. It was made

up of same officers and personnel as 18th Station.

I made a couple of visits there and re-newed acquaintances.

I sort of "smelled a rat" and knew First Field would use me as a "replacement" when the Hospital received a request rather than its own men. I was quite tired of it all by this time.

I had been used as a replacement, sent from station to station. I had seen men with a little more "pull"

be retained in softer jobs.
most common trick was
to get "sick" and get in
as a Hospital patient for
a while. How many of these
ailments were real and
how many were fakes I
do not know.

After about two weeks
with the First Field I
suddenly received orders
to go on detached service
with the medical Battalion
of Americal Division.

I had been forced to leave
most of my belongings
behind and I was not
prepared to go on an invasion.

I had to scavenge for
dengarees because after
trying to get things + brought
ordinary channels I was
unsuccessful. One excuse
after another was given - about
stuff being all packed and
boxes nailed, etc.

I did find an odd pair
of discarded coveralls.

It was necessary for all
persons, officers and men,
to look alike. the Japs
had no respect for
medical men and their
snipers liked to pick
off officers. I found the
coveralls lying on the
ground. They were
mouldy but after a

little sunshine were not
too bad altho^{ugh} patchy.

I never did get the proper
type of field pack but
used an old musette bag.

Capt Schulon was also
assigned to Americal
Division. The Americal
Division was in the
same base and we
were taken there in
a truck.

Co. C and D. 121 Medical Bn. Americal

March 1945

Division

We were introduced to the medical Colonel of the Americal Division first. He looked at Capt Schubbe, who was small and grey-haired, and said "looks like we have reached the bottom of the manpower barrel". They decided I was to go to Collecting Company (Co. C), which would be further forward in an attack. The other Company rather a Hospital. We spent several days in Co. C. and again were moved by means of trucks to the Harbor. We were packed on L.S.T. We watched the infantry boys pile into the

boats, and I felt sorry for them. Although our lot was bad their lot was ~~far~~ worse.

After several days living on LST's and not allowed to get off we shoved off in a Convoy of 50 boats. (as near as I can remember now).

The food on the L.S.T. was fairly good (food always seemed to be better on boats) One infantry officer learned that he was to be rotated home. Inasmuch as we were already en route he had to continue

with the Convoy and invasion.

I learned later he was killed.

We went on maneuvers on some Islands off the South west coast of Philippines.

We had a sort of dress rehearsal.

The front of the LST's would open and out would come the "alligators" carrying men to the shore. The assault boats would go next. The LST's would then go near shore and larger units would leave.

During maneuvers one lad
suffered a compound fracture
of femur when the iron rangs
of an "alligator" fell on him
while on shore. He was
evacuated by seaplane, and
I guess he was out of the
War from then on.

One alligator ~~sank~~ sunk
in what was the deepest
part of the ocean - probably
the deepest part in the world.
The men got off it and
up the sides of the LST
just in time.

At Sea and on the Invasion of
Cebu. - March 26, 27, 28, 1945

The attacking convoy came into Cebu Harbor the morning of March 26, 1945. It was a bright and sunny morning. The Navy gave the shore a terrific bombardment. Smaller boats came close to shore and raked it with rockets. After about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour of bombardment the assault troops went in. The area also had been bombed for two

weeks by air airplanes
after the assault troops
went in the LST's &
other boats pulled out
for several hours. We
learned later that the
first troops sustained
only a few casualties from
mines planted and
hidden on shore. The
Japs pulled out,
passed north & through
Cebu City, and then into

the mountains. the civilian population had also evasated the City. The Japs burned or destroyed what was left of the City.

After several days our LST moved closer to shore again and we evasated the boat on a duck. After a short period on shore the

medical sections marched
in land toward Cebu City
following the infantry troops.

By the 27th of March the
American troops were
already in Cebu City.

Here and there groups
of Japs were left

behind. They would

Come out to make

trouble behind the

lines. I was not used

to hiking and by the
first night I had
blistered feet. Our
medical unit slept in
a Brewery. On the
morning of March 28,

1945, we received
transportation thru.

Devastated Cebu City
to the Northern out skirts.

We set up in an old
School Building back
of the Capital.

the same morning I
visited the Court House
on the same street but
a little farther North.

I saw the remains of
two American flyers
who had been burned
alive. The infantry was
only a $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ mile
ahead of us. The Japs
had fortified the mountains
and the infantry was
now making slow

progress. The unit I was
with was a Collecting
Company. During the
day I collected some
ambulatory patients and
hast them back to
the Stone Church which
was being used as a
Hospital by the
Hospital Company. I
did not know I would
be a patient there
myself before the day

was over.

About 5 P.M. Capt. Layman, a medical officer from a Battalion Aid Station, a medical Administrative Officer, a few medical aid men and myself went up the road about one-quarter mile to explore the area ahead. I was kind of skeptical about going, but went regardless. I do not recall the names of the men or officers with us except Captain Layman, who was C.O. of our company.

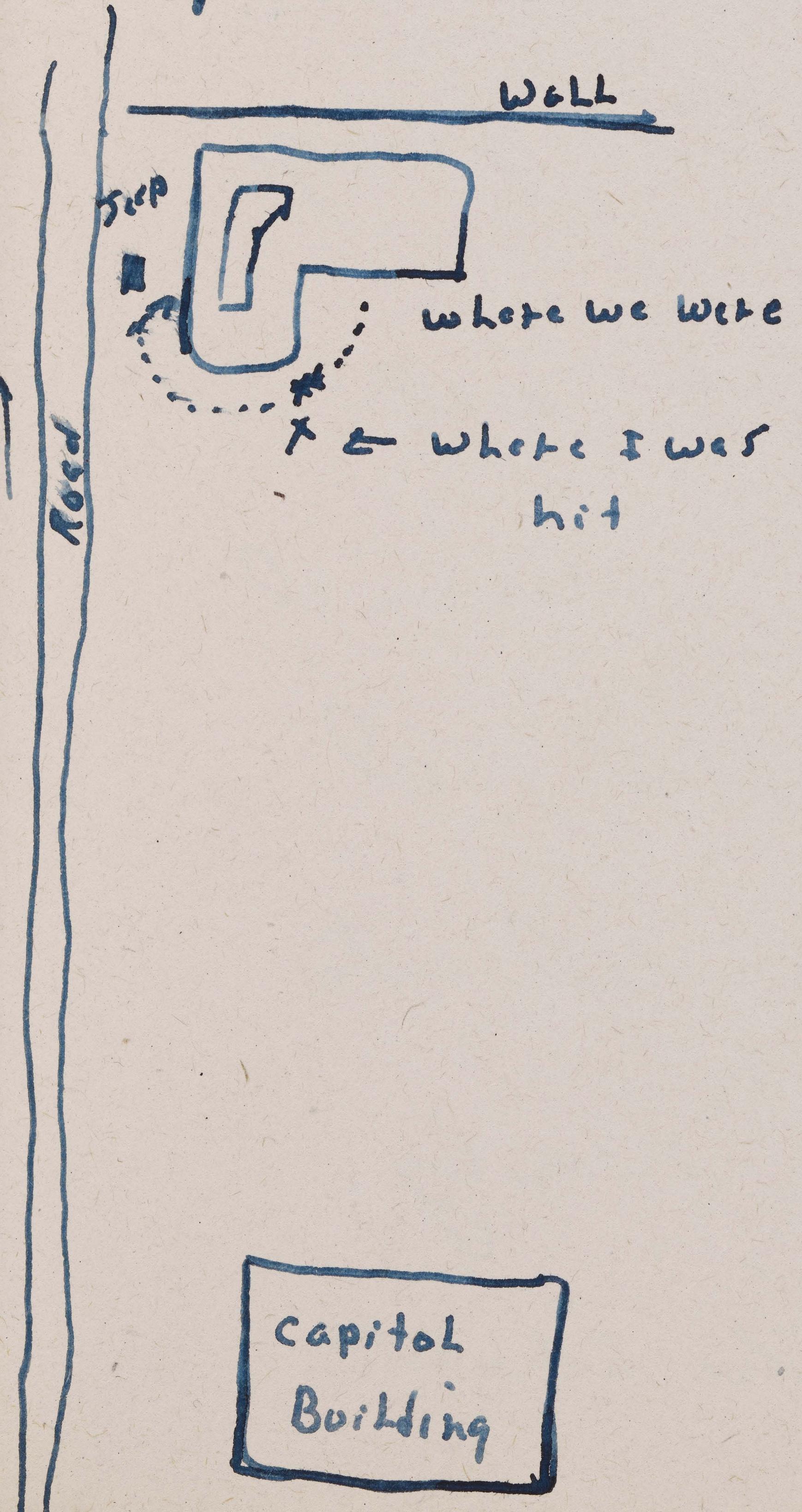
Capt. L. was about 40 years old and had already been overseas 40 months. Some of the officers from our organization had already been up in the area ~~so~~ me more going to.

Near the Capital Building there was still considerable sniper. and that was why I was kind of reluctant to go that way. There was a Spanish type building near the road near the Capital. We were interested in looking

this building over as it had
been used as a Japanese Hospital.
We thought we might be able
to use it as a hospital our
selves. The building was
kind of partially demolished
from bombs, etc. In the
center was a large court
yard with a bomb crater.
In the bomb crater was
another unexploded parachute
bomb. This made me uneasy
and I wanted to be away from

there as soon as possible.
If I had followed my own
inclinations I would probably
not have been injured
(but who knows I might
have been wounded or killed
later). We were close
enough to hear the
firing. We heard several
very loud explosions near
us, and I was kind of
uneasy. Capt. L. Thought
the explosions were our
artillery firing at the Japs.

We went out into the court yard and looked around. We had come in a jeep which was on the other side of the building. As I moved back toward the other men in the group. Some one, I think



Some one, I think
It was the
M.A.C., yelled
for us to fall down
& we did. A loud
explosion was heard
and we were
spattered with
the dirt. We got
up and ran several
times in order to
reach the board.

on reading the corner of the building we again hit the ground. This was the first mortar shell. The explosion blew a large piece of wood into my right thigh. I remained where I was a few moments. Capt. Lagan had been hit by shrapnel in the back. The entire group disengaged with him, all except one man, whom I heard later was killed. I presume they crowded into an air raid shelter nearby. I did not notice the shelter

until later. After a few moments
I dragged myself over to the
other side of the building
& put myself in a stone
gutter in case any more
shells came. I looked ~~at~~
at my leg ~~by~~ there was
quite a large hole & here
with a flap. I was not
bleeding much. In a short
time I yelled for the others
and the M.G.C. Come out.
the He & the other men
moved me to the jeep.
They also moved Capt. Layman

There and he seemed in
a ~~st~~ doze or in a shock.

We ~~do~~ were taken down
the road, around a large
newly formed shell hole,
to an area. They looked
at my leg there & gave
me a hypo injection.

I was wounded approxi-
mately 6 P.M. on March 28, 1945.
about 10 o'clock that evening a
debridement of my leg was done
I had been given sodium
pentothal intravenously.

The church was quite crowded
and the priest had given me

the last sites "just in case" there had not been many casualties on March 26 & 27 because the Japs had retreated to the mountains. We learned later the mountains were well fortified. When our troops reached this area the casualties began to come in in large numbers. By the time I had reached the Church Hospital the place was very crowded. I slept all night from the effects of the Sol. pentothal anesthesia and anesthetic.

the men were so busy & hot
we were only given food
when we could catch
them going by. Most of us
were not hungry anyway.

There were several sick
or wounded Jap prisoners
near by. Hearing so much
about their treachery I
did not want any of
them near by.

On March 28 a plane
flew over and strafed
the church. A g. could

hear the bullets entering the
top of the church. I did not
know what to do so
rolled off on the floor. The
movement to the floor
did not make my leg
feel any better.

9 Days on LST - 1945

About the third day I
was moved to an LST.
The LST was full of the
wounded, including Capt.
Layman. Capt. Layman
was later evacuated to Leyte

by seaplane. I was left behind with others to remain 6 days in the Harbor. I was so uncomfortable that I asked to be moved. I was moved to the front port of the LST. It was unbearably hot down in the hold. I was very uncomfortable and suffering was intense. Lying flat on one's back for 6 days hardly able to move was what caused the

suffering. It was intensely hot and to add more matters worse there was the constant loud firing of Naval guns over our heads. We expected to be attacked either by planes or by submarines. Any movement of my body caused intense pain. Not much sedation was given because of the possibility of addiction. I would sleep in naps during the day and then

I would be unable to sleep during the night. The nights were unbearably long. I had a terrific back-ache from lying in one position so long. I was constantly nauseated and unable to eat. After eating I would throw up the food. During this time it was thought I might also have jaundice. Everyone on the boat was ill. worked. The surgeon on the boat dressed my

leg-tried to help all he
could. He helped me by
mailing a letter air mail.

I learned later this letter
arrived ^{home} before the announce-
ment ~~before~~ of the War
Department. War Department
communications are so
cold & terse that I am
glad my letter arrived
first and thus alleviate
some anxiety of my
parents.

An LST could not travel
by itself in combat waters
and that is why we waited
6 days for a Convoy. After
the 6th day we moved
to Lechte and in a few
days we ~~were~~ were there.
During this period I had
to use a bed pack. I found
this contraption almost
impossible to use in
a lying down position and
as a result was terribly
constipated for about 6

deeper & more. I had the same trouble later in Leyte when I was stronger.

The Hospital I was sent to was 116th Station. Leyte, P.I.

116th Station and 44th General Hospital

Leyte - 1945 - APRIL

For a few days I was on a medical ward. Things improved immensely after I was transferred to the closed & screened Surgical Ward. On open Ward there was a great deal of trouble from flies.

While at 116th Station

A skin graft was done

on the ~~wounded~~ leg under

spinal anesthesia.

During this month there
was more suffering. I

couldn't move much
and after the skin graft

a cast was put on the

leg, and I had to

lie still. I began to

itch underneath the

cast and when solutions

were applied to the wound
thru. a window in the
cast the itching became
worse because solution
leaked under the cast.
Prior to the skin graft
my wound was dressed
ft daily and the
procedures were
painful. Sometimes
manipulations were
done causing more
pain.

After a month at 116th
Station I was transferred
to the 44th General
Hospital. By this time
my cast had been removed
and I walked a bit
on crutches

44th General Hospital - Leyte, P. d.

May, 1945

I was on an open ward at 44th Gen. and I was terribly bothered by the heat and flies. The ~~canvas~~ was slim protection from the tropical sun and there was no screening to keep flies out. I was still very weak and could only walk on crutches for short distances. The man in

he ^{next} to me was an
Army Chaplain and he
one took me to movies
in a wheel chair.

It was a real treat
to see a movie after
so long.

After about 5 days I
was put on the list
for evacuation to U.S.A.

On the day I was
taken to the ship
I was met at the dock

by Mauri I had
met him at Hewlett Harbor,
Long Island, in 1942. I had
not seen him since. The
day I saw him he had
stopped at 116th station
looking for me and had
made a long trip. He just
about missed me but
caught me at the
boat. We were put
on derricks and hauled
up the side of the boat.
We were in stretchers and

so were carried to an
aer.

Back across the Pacific

The trip across the Pacific would have been pleasant were it not for the heedlessness of the Navy who ran the Army transport.

We suddenly began to have gun drills and abandon ship alarms. When the first one went off we thought we were really attacked. This could be excused, but not the paint chipping and hammering on the metal sides of the boat. It was annoy-

ing, but not as bother -
some to me as to some
neuro-psychiatric patients
down below. I did not
have much to say about
it but there were many
complaints from officers
and men. The complaints
were ignored by those
in charge of the boat.
Finally all the Army
medical officers traveling
on the boat wrote out

a petition requesting
the noise be stopped
on account of the patients.

No change was made.
The crew was doing the
paint chipping at sea so
that they would have
more time off in port.

The boat was being
chipped and re-painted.

Outside of that and
occasional submarine
scars the trip was pleasant.

the food was very good
and much better than
any Army food I got
overseas. About three
nights a week we had
movies. We made
a zig-zag course across
the Pacific. I believe
we went near the
Carolina Islands.

One night we sighted
Guam.

After three weeks we
saw the Golden gate
Bridge. It was a
wonderful sight after
three years and 6 days
at sea. I landed at
Lettman General Hospital
May 30, 1945. I had my
first bottle of milk in
almost two years. The
ship that brought us
across was given orders

to sail immediately and
had no time in Port except
to ~~do~~ unload passengers
& cargo.

Letterman General Hospital
and Train Trip

This was the finest Army Hospital I had ever been in, and I wish I had gotten some "breaks" and an opportunity to work in such a Hospital. By this time I was able to walk about by use of a cane.

After 4 days I was put on a hospital train with a load of other patients and shipped to New York

Before leaving I had one
free telephone call home
through the auspices of
red cross. I heard my
mothers, sisters & father's
voice for the first time
in many years. my
sisters in 10-15 years &
parents in 3 years. my
father could talk only
in a whisper as he
had a "growth" in his
throat.

We left San Francisco

in the early a.m. and
subsequently we messaged
the best part of the Rocky
Mts — we passed + here
the mountains at night.

All we seemed to see
was flat country all
the way across — nothing
out-standing. I had
expected a more scenic
trip. Perhaps we
missed the best
parts at night.

At Holloman General

Hospital - June - Sept. 1945

I had assumed that the Holloman Hospital was right in N.Y.C. but it turned out to be on Staten Island, N.Y.

At first I was put on a rather noisy ward called "21 Club" (Wards 1) and later I was changed to a much better place in the main surgical. This was a semi-private room.

After a few days my mother,
my uncle & one brother
came down. Also my sister
Rose, who was visiting in the
East and whom I had
not seen for 10-15 years.

They had a difficult trip
because they had to take
a bus to Hartford, a train
to N.Y.C., a subway to the
ferry, the ferry boat to Staten
Island, and another bus to
the Hospital. A great deal

of travel time was
consumed thereby.

I was unable to see
my father right
away because he was
not strong enough to
travel. He already
had had a tracheotomy
and had lost his
voice.

I had numerous

visitors and I was glad.

After a fast a month

Dolly Cheney, H.S. classmate

a friend ~~from~~ drove me

home in her car. I was

my. first trip home in over

three years. I had a 3 day
pass & returned after 3 days.

It seemed like I had never
been away. After 4 days

home I returned to the
Hospital. The visit home

was kind of sad as
my father had had
tracheotomy done and
had lost his voice

I remained at Holloman
until September. ¹⁹⁴⁵

went before a "Retiring
Board" and was

"retired" to inactive
status. About Sept

30, 1945, I went

home on terminal

Leane. During my
terminal leave I took
a ^{course} course in medicine
at N.Y.U. Bellevue
Hospital. The day
I was supposed to
start classes I learned
that my "retirement"
"did not stick" and
so I was called back
to Bellevue Hospital

for one day. I had
to cut classes for
the first day. I
was "retired" again
but later I learned
that the retirement
was disapproved
by Surgeon General's
Office.

My terminal leave
ended Dec. 19, 1945-

and I reverted to
inactive states.

Walter Reed Gen.
Hospital

Feb. & March 1947

I appealed my retirement
and his ability and went
to Walter Reed for a
period of 6 months. I
went as a civilian
the army routine
hadn't changed. I
had expected to stay
only 2 weeks and it

turned out I stayed
6 weeks. Several months
later I learned I was
"retired" on disability
and this time it went
through.

Impressions of Northern Australia

This part of Australia is hot, dry, and with sparse vegetation. The farther inland one goes the worse it gets. There are no lakes, permanent streams or rivers such as in U.S.A. The ^{soil} ~~soil~~ is dry & sandy. Small scrub trees grow covering hundreds of miles. The trees are far apart with so-called "saw grown" growing

in many large areas.
the saw grass is not
fit for cattle. There
are some mountains
near the coast and
the country is more
fertile in this area.

Sugar Cane is one of
the products.

the heat is terrific
but it is dry. One
often does not mind
it as much as the

muggy & humid heat experienced in the wetter areas. There is practically no rain for many months and the streams dry up.

For three months there are terrific thunder storms which last much longer than U.S.A. The streams then become swollen and impassable. After about 3 months of rain there is very

little rain for the rest of the year.

In the winter the country is hot, dry and dusty. All types of insects abound. The worse are the flies which ride on one's back by the thousands. The flies are vicious and like to bite the corner of the eyelid. Some how they seem

to know when one's
hands are busy carrying
bundles as that is when
they bite the most.

the young children often
develop a disease of
the eyelids because
they do not brush
the flies away.

the Northern Country
is very provincial
and "old fashioned"

The railroads are few
and narrow gauge.

There are no moderate
sanitary facilities or
restaurants. The telephones
are the old-fashioned
crank type. Homes were
built off the ground on
poles but had cellars.
The poles usually had a
lattice work and made
sort of a sub cellar.

Southern Australia

is more modern
and up to date.

Sydney is as modern
as any city in the
U.S.A. Sydney, also, ~~is~~
pretty being built around
a large harbor. Southern
Australia is more modern
and better developed than
other parts.

Aug. 1947

Notification received from
Adj. general department
for award of Combat medal
badge and Victory medal.

Date of Award March

20, 1945. Notification

received by Halloran

Gen Hqrs. Sept. 24, 1945

but not forwarded

Impressions of New Guinea.

Milne Bay

Milne Bay is a large bay between two mountain ranges projecting into the Ocean. This probably is why it is one of the wettest places in the World. During the rainy season it rained almost continually. Some times downpours would last weeks without let up. Vegetation grew profusely. I understand

that if a clearing is made it would become overgrown in a very short time. The constant rain created much mud.

The army built Roads and during the few periods the sun would shine the mud would become dust. When the sun tried to shine white vapor or fog would hang about like the vapor of a bat

steam bath. The climate
was hot, humid. At
times it was an effort
to move. During the
drier part of the year
the place would be
quite pretty but wild.
After Africa parts of
New Guinea are the
most primitive and
mild in the world.

There are no cities
in New Guinea as
we see them here. There

are a few jungle Towns
like Port Morsby.

Still some of the
soldiers would get
silly letters from home
such as "if you don't
get enough to eat
be sure to go to the
restaurant
drug store and buy
something" I don't
believe There is a
drug store on the whole
island altho. it is

about 2,000 miles long
and 100-200 miles wide
most of the interior
of New Guinea has not
as yet been explored.

Cannibalism used to
flourish in New Guinea
at one time. Most
Army installations were
on the sea coast and
one rarely penetrated
more than a mile or two
from the sea coast

The natives were not allowed in Army posts except when working or doing jobs of repair.

Most natives were short & small. They dyed their hair to a reddish color. A large portion of the native population was diseased. Malaria was very prevalent.

The sea water

was warm. There
were sharks in water
of this type.

Impressions of Philippine Islands

the Philippine Islands such as Leyte & Cebu. is less mild than New Guinea but still "rough country" as compared to U.S.A. There are cities & towns in P.I. but the smaller towns are dirty and dilapidated. The people are civilized and many speak English. The people are small

and with alive
skins. Most men wore
shorts and a shirt.
Most women wore
a dress. Both when
bare-footed.

Most roads I saw
were dirt, but there
are paved roads in
cities like Manila
and Cebu City. I
saw Cebu city and
the streets of the

City proper were paved
or tarred. the buildings
are in a Spanish Style
following the Spanish
influence. There are
still many Spaniards
and descendants in
the Islands.

I never saw the
Southern Island of
Mindoro, but it
has moorish or
Mohammedan people
Mohammedan

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

A. G. Mozen, M. D.

